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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Generally fair and warmer; brisk to high northwesterly winds, shifting to easterly.

AN HISTORIC MEETING.

Some of our contemporaries seem to regard the cordial greeting which passed between Mr. Cleveland and President McKinley when they met on the stand of honor at Grant's Tomb yesterday as an event more touching, solemn and impressive than the friendly companionship of the Blue and the Gray. "Ex-President Cleveland was among the last of the prominent men to arrive," says one evening newspaper. "He walked across the platform toward President McKinley, and the two men tipped their hats and shook hands warmly. Loud cheers from the assembled multitude greeted this act of good will."

Now, the importance and the significance of this incident depend a good deal upon which Grover Cleveland participated in it. If it was the Cleveland who, angered at the refusal of the Democratic party to renominate him or even to commend his Administration, threw all his influence and all the power of his office-holders whom he could control in favor of McKinley's election, the "act of good will" was a very simple greeting between two trusted allies.

But suppose it were the Cleveland who, a few days ago, described the President he had helped to make and the party he aided to put in power as "giving an exhibition of party bad faith" and "wallowing in the mire of protection"—then, unless his words were but sounding and meaningless phrases, that warm handshake must have been an empty formality, that "act of good will" a bit of polite hypocrisy.

Really, it is difficult to see why the assembled multitude cheered, and we are inclined to suspect that these two eminent statesmen who have played so neatly into each other's hands before, and may plan it again, must have accompanied their greeting with that knowing wink and grin with which, cynics say, the augurs, whose ancient office it was to humbug the people of Rome with bogus prophecies of coming prosperity and bogus remedies for existing ills, used to greet each other in the Forum.

BUT THE MUGWUMPS STILL ADORE.

Mr. Cleveland's speech at the $12-a-plate Waldorf rally of the relics has brought to him renewed manifestations of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-countrymen, regardless of party. The Democrats, being vividly reminded of his physical existence, lift up glad voices to thank Heaven that he is officially and politically in a suicide's grave; gold Democrats who do not belong to the faithful little band of disciples who call themselves the Reform Club and pronounce damnation upon all outsiders, perceive in him a candidate for a third term, and therefore a menace of murder to the possible popularity of the single gold standard; Republicans are inflamed with anger at his assumption that their platform had an esoteric meaning for the beguilement of free traders, and they resent his charge of bad faith as to the finances, demanding that he produce the planks which engaged to reform the currency in a maner to suit him; literary critics fiercely inquire why, when he has been decently buried, he should rise again and unload his soggy periods upon a public which had a right to believe that rest had come to them as well as to him? Mr. Bryan, staggered at Mr. Cleveland's tone of undiminished authority, finds breath to say:

A less resolute man would hesitate to assume that leadership of a little band of 130,000, many of whom voted the Indianapolis ticket by mistake, and then accuse 6,500,000 voters of being either designing agitators or the dupes of designing agitators. A man of less self-reliance would re-examine his own conduct to see whether it was his folly or theirs which separated them from 500,000 Democrat who once idolized him, but in the lexicon of Mr. Cleveland's maturer years there is no such word as mistake.

All of which will have no more effect upon the steady rays of the self-approval in which Mr. Cleveland suns himself than water has upon the backs of the ducks that fall under his gun. Indeed, the more universal the objection that is made to him and his opinions, the more will Mr. Cleveland be persuaded that he is impeccable and his opinions right. The people rejected him in 1888, but they came back to him repentant in 1892; therefore they will return to their loyalty again in 1900. For Mr. Cleveland knows that this country cannot get along without him, and what is to become of the Republic when a Providence of inferior wisdom calls him to command in another sphere, he shrinks from considering. That this nation will rise up as one man less than four years hence and insist on his resuming the Presidency he believes as firmly as that history will order Washington and Lincoln to fall in behind him.

Mr. Cleveland is all right and perfectly happy, but one may not look upon the gold Democrats without compassion.

NEW TROUBLE IN THE POLICE BOARD.

The proceedings in the Board of Police Commissioners at Monday's meeting afford sufficient evidence that Mr. Moss was appointed by Mayor Strong in order that the record of impotence already made by the Board may not be changed. Motive for this action on the part of the Mayor is not lacking. He has avowed his desire to get rid of Commissioner Parker at any price; has, so far as lies in his power, removed the single Democratic Commissioner, and now awaits the action of Governor Black in the matter. Continued wrangles in the Board will afford Strong opportunity to urge upon Black that harmony may be restored by Parker's removal. Hence the appointment of a man whose every act since he took his seat has been indicative of a purpose to prolong the deadlock.

The appointment of Mr. Moss was received with amazement by everybody except Dr. Parkhurst, whose lieutenant he has been in the task of enforcing immoral morality—the paradoxical term is descriptive to those who think—upon New York. It was condemned in vigorous terms by the Times, which has been more than ordinarily friendly to every prior act of Mayor Strong. It awakened the instant antagonism of the police force, the members of which saw in Mr. Moss the agent of a society which exists as a spy and an informant upon the regular force of law and order.

Nor did Mr. Moss fail to justify all these hostile estimates upon his accession to office. His votes have been cast in such a way as to indicate that his sole guide is the voting of Commissioners Parker and Grant, and that thereupon he votes in antagonism to them. He has even been guilty of the folly of voting to approve the minutes of a meeting at which he was not present, merely because he saw those whom he had been directed to regard as his foes voting to amend them. The methods of the Parkhurst Society he has already invoked in police affairs.

It is fair to say of Mr. Roosevelt, who has left the Board, that he had honesty equal to his bitter partisanship, and by certain fussy ways he gained great knowledge of the force of which he was one of the four rulers. Commissioner Parker, working with equal honesty and tenacity of purpose, but with vastly less noise and self-adulation, has acquired an even more exact knowledge of the qualities and the needs of the force. He possesses, what Mr. Roosevelt never had, the friendship of the Police Department and its chiefs. He is by all odds the best equipped man on the Police Commission to-day, and the insistence of a new, inexperienced and ignorant Commissioner like Moss upon control is merely proof of a sinster purpose to continue the lamentable record of obstruction which the representatives of the so-called reform administration have forced upon New York's most important department.

YESTERDAY A NATIONAL EVENT.

New York has too much good taste to arrogate to itself all credit for yesterday's thoroughly successful ceremonial in honor of a great national hero.

The United States Government, in which every State and Territory, even to Oklahoma, is a sharer, supplied much. The contribution of the general Government to the occasion was probably first in the estimation of the throngs who saw the regular troops and detachments from the fleet parade the streets, and the stately white ships tug at their anchors in the North River and belch forth their salutes when the President of the whole nation came among them.

Probably every State in the Union did something to aid in the celebration. Some, being either near at hand or perhaps exceptionally prosperous, sent their National Guard, or at least their Governors, with their staffs, to do honor to the national hero whose ashes New York cherishes as a trust from the nation. Others sent their citizens to swell the throng, which was, after all, the most impressive feature of the day.

New York's part was to act as host. Its National Guard brilliantly performed the military functions of the occasion. Its police arrangements were admirable, so wholly so that few great celebrations of the sort have ever passed with so little disorder or crime. Its streets were swept, garnished and guarded for the marching columns. Its people were enthusiastic and hospitable. In short, New York City, its officials and its citizens, well met the great trust reposed in them.

The nation was the guest of New York, as New York hopes it often may be again.

MR. POWDERLY AND ORGANIZED LABOR.

President McKinley, whose heart, in common with that of his party and the trusts, ever beats warmly for the workingman and his vote, has sought to favor the toiling masses by proposing to appoint Mr. Terence V. Powderly United States Commissioner of Immigration. This "recognition" is not agreeable to the Knights of Labor, however. In the Journal of the Order Henry B. Martin, of the General Executive Board, files a strenuous objection. "President McKinley," he says, "could do no act which would meet with such universal disapproval among the laboring men of the United States." In support of this statement Mr. Martin adds:

Powderly has long since forfeited the good will and the respect of the organized workingmen of the United States. If President McKinley has been informed that any respectable body of organized men are in favor of Powderly for Immigration Commissioner, the men who so informed him have utterly misrepresented the facts. Powderly has no standing and no backing whatever among the men of any branch of organized labor. Neither the Knights of Labor, the Trades Unionists nor the railroad men have any use for him whatever. He has been expelled by the Knights of Labor, and the Trades Unionists are equally antagonistic to him.

Nevertheless, Mr. Powderly has strong claims upon the Administration. In the last campaign he, like Mr. McKinley himself, came out as an advocate of the gold standard, despite a long advocacy of free silver coinage. And Mr. Powderly was persecuted for the sake of his new opinions. Audiences of workingmen in this city and elsewhere hooted him and denounced him as a traitor, who had gone over to the service of the plutocracy for other reasons than simple regard for his health. Labor scorned to accept him as its representative, and, although all the trusts approved of Mr. Powderly and rejoiced in his conversion to the gold standard, it is not likely that Mr. Powderly felt happy, or does now, notwithstanding the departure of the wolf from his honest door. The President cannot be insensible to Mr. Powderly's sufferings in the cause which won, and the antagonism of organized labor to the appointment of Mr. Powderly to office in the guise of a workingman necessarily occasions embarrassment in the White House.

THE NEWSPAPER OF GRANT DAY.

Not least among the great features of yesterday's celebration in New York was the Evening Journal, appearing in five editions rapidly succeeding each other throughout the day, each giving the news of the great occasion fully up to the hour of its appearance, and all introduced with a first page printed in colors from a design in which patriotism, good taste and excellence of execution were equally apparent.

With the rapid strides made by modern journalism color printing has become almost commonplace when confined to a single weekly issue, which can be made up early and printed deliberately. But the application of the highest class of color work to an evening paper, made up at high pressure, changed in its form five times a day, and printed on machines running at a speed of 48,000 papers each per hour, is a feat which the Evening Journal has been first to accomplish. That the Evening Journal was the only afternoon paper seen generally in New York yesterday is a matter of general notoriety. That the Journal's battery of six sextuple presses was tested to supply the demand is a fact of which the circulators of that enterprising evening paper were only too thoroughly cognizant.

The Evening Journal in its coloring and its presentation of the news was as brilliant as the parade; in its numbers as enormous as the crowds.

The difference between Tom Reed and Senatorial courtesy is quite radical. On the Senate side there is an agreement among the members of that body. On the House side it is merely a question of how Tom Reed happens to make up his mind.

The president of Chicago's defunct bank complained bitterly when he heard the keys of the jail guards turn on him. The music was not nearly so attractive as that produced by the manipulation of the keys by his pretty typewriter.

By a careful and constant contemplation of his good opinion of himself, Hon. Grover Cleveland is able to maintain that poor opinion of the 6,500,000 gentlemen who voted the Democratic ticket last year.

Twenty-five Chicago ministers have expressed their opinion of hell, and all of them made the mistake of leaving some Chicagoesque features out of their notions of the place.

Senator Caffrey's remarks at the Reform Club dinner indicate that the gentleman from Louisiana has a very poor opinion of his pals of last year.

Senator Mason will have to scrape the top off of Senatorial courtesy before he will be able to scrape the barnacles off the Senatorial vessel.

When it comes to plumage the Governor of Ohio and his staff are prepared to give Governor Black and his military outfit a strong rub for first place.

Mayor Strong's wrangling Police Board has gathered a good-sized chunk of discordant Moss.

A Moment with the Chappies.

CLUBDOM congratulated itself last night that the parade was over. Your average chapple doesn't like a crowd. He hates to be pushed and jostled. He would like to have the whole sidewalk to himself. When he can't get it, or the most of it, he crawls into his club and looks out of the window.

After that if the unusual thing comes along in front of his place of observation, all right. If it doesn't, all right. Whatever else might happen he wouldn't move to see it.

And so it was yesterday. The dear, old, easy-going, conservative chapple missed the parade because he didn't think it worth while.

Even the grandeur of General Louis Fitzgerald, the impressiveness of General Howard Carroll, the gorgeousness of Adjutant-General Tillinghast and the splendor of our citizen soldiery as a whole couldn't tempt him into the push.

I think he was foolish. It was worth a shove or two just to see the pious Colonel McCoskry Butt handle his "Dandy Dozen," as the Twelfth has become known since it changed its spots. Then there was Colonel Dan Appleton, of the sweet Seventh, the chappisette's own; and Colonel Franklin Bartlett, who led the Twenty-second just as easily and as gracefully as he leads the cotillion; and Commander Miller, who seemed to regard the funny little short coats and tight breeches of the Naval Reserve as the biggest part of the parade.

To see these valiant Captains of the host and watch the valorous bearing of the chapples that marched behind them was to realize that in chappledom rests the real bulwark of the republic.

But if the chapple crept into his club to avoid the crowd the chappisette went forth to challenge it.

She wasn't going to sacrifice her patriotism and curiosity for a little personal comfort.

Fifth avenue was cut out of the line of march, but the Fifth avenue woman saw the parade just the same.

If she didn't have acquaintances on "The Upper West Side," whose hospitality she could afford to accept, she bought places on a stand, took her furs and her luncheon and enjoyed herself in spite of the cold and the surroundings.

But from a society standpoint, the day was wholly to the glory of "The Upper West Side"—that reservation in contemporaneous chronicling that always suggests the separation of the goats from the sheep.

Among those who entertained conspicuously were Mr. and Mrs. William Earl Dodge Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell Hone and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sutro.

Of course there were hundreds of others who dispensed admirable hospitality, but those I have mentioned are more familiar to the readers of the newspapers and the "Social Register."

Look out for a small cyclone in the neighborhood of Gramercy Park.

A young man with a famous name and a beautiful wife has been getting gay, and his better half has found it out.

She hasn't gone back to her sympathetic papa or done anything else so weak and silly.

On the contrary, she has taken her erratic spouse by the forelock and extracted an explanation, which she is still cogitating.

If this shouldn't prove satisfactory after due deliberation and investigation, the storm will break, and then hubby had better hunt his cyclone cellar.

Theodore Havemeyer's acceptance of the Roman faith on his deathbed is another evidence of the spreading influence of the Church of Rome among the socially great of Gotham.

Everywhere that I went yesterday I heard only the deepest and most earnest regrets at the death of Mr. Havemeyer.

His kindliness of heart, his unfailing good nature, his lavish hospitality, his admirable domesticity and his genuine love of sport for sport's sake made him a universal favorite.

His death is regarded as a personal loss by every one who knew him.

The marriage of Miss Odette Tyler, the actress, to Mr. Shepherd, F. F. V., is of interest to chappledom to the extent that it reduces by one the possibilities of Mr. Howard Gould's matrimonial alliance.

In the book of marriage which Cupid is now making over the Howard Gould prize Miss Katharine Clemmons is an odds on favorite

Miss Tyler is to be congratulated. Mr. Shepherd is not only an F. F. V., but an F. C. C., and his beautiful bride undoubtedly thinks that she has drawn the first prize in the matrimonial lottery, although she did name April 1 as her wedding day.

The dinner given by Mrs. Abner McKinley to President McKinley's wife at the Windsor Hotel last night was a holiday affair that considered neither social distinction nor political preference.

The comprehensiveness of the list of guests is shown by the presence of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. William R. Grace, Mrs. W. Seward Webb and Mrs. John E. Milholland, Mrs. Cornelius N. Bliss and Mrs. William S. Hawk, Mrs. William L. Strong, Mrs. Frederick D. Grant, Mrs. Horace Porter, Mrs. John S. Wise, Mrs. Daniel Butterfield, Mrs. Robert P. Porter, Mrs. Lyman J. Gage and Mrs. Thomas L. James.

But the ladies rivalled each other in their efforts to honor the mistress of the White House, and everything passed as delightfully as though they had known each other all their lives.

The fact that Willie K. Thorn has offered his Newport house for rent is evidence enough that he will remain abroad through the Summer.

The old place has never been in the market before and I had hoped that the owner would come back and take part in the outdoor sports, where he shone so conspicuously a few years ago.

Another dashing bachelor, whom we have lost permanently, I am afraid, is "Bobbie" Hargous, whose clowning at the Waterbury circus and whose subsequent high-kicking dance with the late Mrs. Paran Stevens made him famous.

Soft Italian skies and sighs and other things have wooed him from us, and if I hear aright, he has abandoned the land as well as the follies of his youth.

The first flight to Newport is that of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who left for the city-by-the-sea yesterday to remain until the season ends.

Of course, this does not preclude little runs to New York to see Mr. Whitney's famous thoroughbreds perform on the local tracks through the racing season.

Mr. Whitney's thoroughbreds are famous for never having won a race.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

WHERE SIR JULIAN IS WRONG.

The Ambassador from Great Britain Delicately but Firmly Shown the Idle Quality of His Claim to the Right of the Line.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—With McKinley and the others in New York, with our great guns gone, how can you expect us to make much uproar? This is like to be but a puny report—this letter; the history of a half-charged, squibby day. It now becomes my duty to take a fall out of Sir Julian. It is this question of precedence again. It is all very horrid. You know how it used to be. The rules for receptions were go-as-you-please; dinners were catch-as-catch-can, while other functions proceeded on that informal barber shop plan of first come, first shaved. It was not until just before inauguration, when Sir Julian set in his arrogant stack to the effect that he came next to the President and ahead of the Vice-President, Cabinet, Supreme Court and such rabble as the Senate and House, that we had any trouble. Ever since that play of the chesty Sir Julian each of us has been hustling for a front row perch, and it all makes a great row. It's beastly disturbing, but we'll let that pass.

Senator Tom Carter Plotting.

What I'm beating up to is this—Sir Julian, for fear this question of precedence might get lost in the shuffle and fail to turn up in the deal, at first declined to be present at the Grant ceremonials in New York. Indeed, Sir Julian would have abode away were it not for McKinley. The Buckeye Chief Magistrate had Sherman write Sir Julian a letter. It was fervent; fulsome to the point of sloppy. It said: "Come to oblige the President. If you don't, the whole covey of legation brass collars will stay away. The occasion will be robbed of that eclat which the President is anxious to secure for it. The President couldn't give Fred Grant the Austrian mission and desires therefore especially to confer on the Grant ceremonial the proper curve—do the slam-up thing, don't you know, in the nature of amends."

That is what Sherman wrote to Sir Julian, and thereupon Sir Julian came. That's what brought him. Were it not for the special preference of McKinley, you of New York would have struggled on without this great Briton. And all on the score that Sir Julian might be misplaced in the list of events.

Here Is Where Pauncefote Is Thrown Down.

It is at this point that I take the fall out of Sir Julian, threatened aforesaid. He bases this claim of precedence on the fact of his Ambassadorship. Now, before I proceed to crush him, I want to say that I've no personal objection to Sir Julian. To look at him, he gives one a bovine impression. He thinks beefly, too. But, as I say, Sir Julian gives the spectator an agricultural impression. Now knowing who Sir Julian is, one will set eyes on him for the first time and exclaim:

"Now, there's one who should be tilling the soil. He ought to be pulling a plow right now."

Observe that I say "pulling," not following. I concede that on his merits Sir Julian is entitled to precede a plow. Note, however, that I found not the slightest personal objection to Sir Julian, for that he, being oxen-thewed and with about the wit of a whip-poor-will, would perform nobly in the furrow turning destiny described. Yet I will not allow his claim of precedence over Vice-President, Cabinet and Senators. He may shove aside such trinkets as supreme judges and such slim and painted toys as House folk, but touching Cabinets, Vice-Presidents and Senators his Ambassadorial claims to first fiddle at State feeds and similar gayeties over such are sternly declined. For why? Because Vice-Presidents and Cabineteers are heirs apparent to the throne. Ambassadors must give such the wall in passing and the dinner and other processional rights of way as well. As for Senators: The constitutional theory which underlies the construction of every Senator is that he's an Ambassador from a sovereign State. He is sent here to meet with eighty-nine others of his Ambassadorial sort and check the President in his appointments and his treaty making and check the House on its wild reachings after the legislative unattainable. And inasmuch as Senators are ancient in their Ambassadorial construction, and because Sir Julian's title in that behalf smells vilely of the varnish of yesterday, he must in the case of Senators, as also Vice-Presidents and Cabineteers, be content to catch the tail hold.

Prithee! Come down to individual cases: Does one suppose I'd sit quietly by and witness your uncle Hanna acquire it—so to speak—in the neck at the bluff claim of a Briton? Your Uncle Hanna is an Ambassador from the sovereign State of Ohio. To say nothing of the fact that the present Administration is a vest pocket matter with your Uncle Hanna, which he carries about mixed up with car fare and matches and such little bric-a-brac, to say nothing of all that, and simply sticking to your Uncle Hanna in his character of a Buckeye Ambassador, Does any one reckon that while such as Sir Julian ate at the table, he (your Uncle Hanna), should stand at the back door of the White House and wait, like Lazarus, until somebody shook a table cloth or scraped a plate? Perish the foul conjecture!

It is expected in circles of unyielding thought that Sir Julian, when he reads this, will quietly take his obscure base and play it as he properly should. And if, in spite of what is here written, Sir Julian persists in his vivid and offensive course, concerning the question of "Where does the British Ambassador come in? it will be recommended that McKinley remove him from the field and put him on the suspension list where poor players and confirmed kickers belong. I hate to do this on the day of the Grant ceremonial, but one can see that by Sir Julian's first refusal to go to New York, and the grounds he puts it on, my hand was forced.

Platt Also Has Worriments.

Platt, the doubly uneasy boss, is urging Hall, the college man of Rochester, for the Spanish mission. Platt says McKinley ought not to count White at Berlin and Porter at Paris against him. Platt says he didn't want either White or Porter, and that he does want Hall. I fear Hall won't get it. There is an Administration taste to make Platt eat humble pie and crow, and other dark indelicacies of politics. John Russell Young is not aching to go to Madrid, but McKinley is thinking of that eminent journalist for the place. My advice to the President is to select Young. He is by odds the better man. As far as experience my be asked for, Young has been in years not far astern Minister to China, where the people are almost as cowardly, as treacherous, as mendacious, as ignorantly brutal, as cruel and as much in need of a bath as those ill-odored folk of Spain. Quay won't object to Young, but he won't help him. Quay aims at the Swiss mission for Leishman, Carnegie's man Friday, Carnegie, through Leishman, hopes in the course of the next quartette of years to perfect an armor plate ring that will girdle the earth in its robber arrangements and he wants presently the Swiss mission as a hinge for Leishman to swing on while he does these black marvels in trade.

Why Carter Warms Up.

Some people here are becoming heated. The temperature under their collars is high. Tom Carter, of the Senate, is one. After plotting with Teller and Dubois for a trio of years to bring about the silver bolt in St. Louis, Carter—who, speaking politically, is as crooked as a dog's hind leg—returned to Hanna. Carter was traitor to Teller and Dubois when the pinch came. And he expected to get something in political hand the while for that job. And Carter doesn't get it. Whereat there is wailing and gnashing of teeth in the camp of Carter.

Pickler, of South Dakota, once one of the most redundant members of the House, wants an office. Pickler selected several places, staked out divers claims. In each instance Pickler was barking at a knot. Seriatim McKinley passed the pie to somebody else. Whereat Pickler is black as one's hat with wrath and his heart is bitter and as gall within his breast. It was several years ago when Tom Reed, after listening to the noise and wordy futilities of Pickler in the House, went out in the back lobby and told Joe Sayres that Pickler reminded him of a wild ass's colt of holy writ. It is becoming plain that McKinley believes that Pickler still answers to the Reed description. Pickler, who for his voracity of politics might well be hailed as Pickerel, will get nothing from the White House grab bag. It's a pity, too, that the Blue Book should lose such a name.

Mondell, the Narcissus of the Northwest, once beautiful in the House as a member, will get some Jim Crow department appointment, and no doubt be then at rest. I'm glad Mondell is to remain with us. Even allowing to Bennett, of New York, the advantage of corsets, Mondell is more bewilderingly beautiful than Bennett. More beautiful, indeed, than any Bennett that ever looked over the hill. Mondell will be a flower amid the rank weeds of general office holders. As a rule your taxeater is not lovely, and Mondell will shine doubly bright by that cause.

The Bellamy Storer appointment to Brussells still sticks in my head. I don't like it. Money did it; and I begin to fear McKinley pivots too much on money in his choosings. With eight millionaires in the Cabinet, look then at his foreign selections and the undeniable trail of argument that led to them. Hay? Money. Porter? Money and Platt-hatred. Tower? Money. Draper? Money. Storer? Money. White at Berlin is due to the Teutons themselves. But for all the rest, whatever be the tune or strain of their discovery, whether it be literature in the person of Hay, or trade in the shape of Draper; through all, under all, runs the sordid monotone of Money. It does not look well in a President whose root is penury, and who only eight weeks agone vacated for the White House a cottage whereof the rental was but $40 per month. I don't like this Presidential sympathy for Money; I'd prefer to witness the coming of a few poor men to high places. It is not well to let the President stand for all the poverty in office.

"The Isle of Gold" At Olympia.

THERE is a good deal of Isle—very desert isle—and precious little gold in the so-called "musical burlesque" that has aroused Olympia from the happy apathy in which it has been plunged for the last few months. "The Isle of Gold" is, in fact, one of those extremely extraordinary affairs that cause you to marvel at managerial kindliness. You hear cruel, merciless stories of the difficulties of authors and young composers. You weep a tear or two occasionally, at some particularly pathetic history of genius crushed by managerial inaction. And then you go to see a thing like "The Isle of Gold," and are instantly impressed with the idea that its production could have been due to nothing but the sheer good nature that has money to burn.

The lovely little Olympia Theatre had a nice holiday audience, composed principally of guileless Grant-day visitors to the city. This audience asked only to laugh out its money's worth. It would have been the easiest gathering on earth to please. Yet—parole d'honneur—even with this non-fastidious assemblage "The Isle of Gold" fell flat as any pancake. There was not a laugh; there was not a glimmer of hope. Long and exceedingly enjoyable entr'actes permitted men and women to indulge in a little welcome causerie. The "musical burlesque" was devoid of all elasticity.

Herman Perlet, a gentleman who has done good musical work, composed the music of "The Isle of Gold." He probably did it when he was in a slipshod mood, and ground it out at so much per hour. The music is perfectly harmless, ingenuously tepid, and calculated neither to tickle nor to intoxicate. It is "bandmaster" music of the most inveterate order, and if Mr. Perlet removed his name from the programme he would be doing a kindness to his family—if he has any—and to his ancestors, if he hasn't. In the English musical plays banality is glossed over by ingenious conceits and original ideas. The London composers who dish up music for these light compositions try to drown their lack of musical novelty in eccentricities, and they succeed. Mr. Perlet rushes in with the good old threadbare songs, choruses, quartets and solos that have done duty in all the comic operas for years. In his happiest moments I am quite sure that he could never have anticipated success for "The Isle of Gold."

As for the book—it is simply indescribable. There is a certain charm in puzzles and enigmas. I have lost myself frequently in pleasing pursuits such as "Find the Cat," or "Supply the Missing Word." But last night I made frantic, feverish endeavors to discover a vestige of story or a ground work of excuse for the "libretto" of "The Isle of Gold." What it was all about I shall never know—nobody will ever know—and why it was proclaimed as a "burlesque" is something that must be forever "shrouded in mystery," as the reporters say. There should be extravagance of fancy, a certain amount of humor and plenty of effervescent nonsense in a burlesque. If "The Isle of Gold" is a burlesque, then "Hamlet" is a screamingly entertaining farce and "Richard IIII." an ebullient "olla-podrida."

No, if "The Isle of Gold" is anything it is a tragedy. I assert that it is tragic—full of the misery of hope abandoned, reeking with the anguish of unfulfilled promises. All that is tragedy of the blackest sort. "The Isle of Gold" is tragedy surrounded on all sides by woe and tears.

The members of the cast seemed to feel that they were assisting at a funeral. They were dull and lifeless. It is possible, of course, that they had spent their days in the elevated railroads trying to get somewhere through the gala city. They were, perchance, chilled and weary. I am willing to take that view of their perfunctory work. It is charitable to do so. Yet the comfortable warmth of the theatre, the knowledge that there were real palpitating men and women anxious for amusement, might surely have thawed the icicles that held them. It is selfish to revel in physical ailment.

A young woman named Madeline Marshall made an audacious effort to imitate Josie Hall, and failed in a most desolate manner. She sang something called "Susie Smith from Troy," both the words and the music of which were totally destitute of merit. Miss Marshall's voice needed greasing very badly. J. Aldrich Libbey, a clever person, who used to sing popular ballads very charmingly, was equally ill at ease as "the millionaire monarch of the Isle of Gold." Mr. Libbey is worthy of a better fate. It is never an easy matter to separate artists from the work in which they appear. A clever actor often seems execrable cast for a bad part. Yet in Mr. Libbey's case the disadvantages under which he suffered were apparent to the least initiated member of the audience, and he was forgiven—nay, pitied.

Henry Hallam, an erstwhile Casino tenor, made as much as he could of "an ardent lover, with a soul above the sordid." Nobody could have done more. Mr. Hallam's voice is light and pleasant and there are tenor ditties in which he could still shine very luminously. Mr. Perlet treated him unkindly, as Mr. Perlet treated everybody else.

Miss Eleanor Elton was the only ray in that gloomy cast. I don't know who she is, but her personality impressed you with the idea that you were really at the theatre for amusement, and not to distress yourself. In a better work than "The Isle of Gold" it is quite possible that this young woman would never have been noticed. In this musical burlesque, however, she stood forth in a kind of calcium light of her own furnishing. This is not high praise, but the occasion warrants nothing more.

Two serious gentlemen, Mart E. Helsey and W. H. Sloan, cast the shadows of their humor upon the spirit of the audience. They tried to be funny, poor souls—one as a plumber and the other as an Indian, "the last of his race." All that make-up could do for them was done. It was quite useless. They couldn't coax forth a smile. There we sat, simply pining to relax the sternness of our features. Misericordia!

The only favorable symptom of "The Isle of Gold" lies in its costumes, which are primitively attractive—in bright blues, glaring reds and eye-tiring purples. The dresses of the women are nicely made and showy. I add this in all glee, and would say more about it if it would do "The Isle of Gold" any good. Nothing can accomplish that, however. It is beyond all mortal aid.

ALAN DALE.

"Professional Patriots."

[Detroit Tribune.]

Professional patriots who throw up their hands in horror because Colonel Mosby is to take part in the Grant monument parade would have been just as indignant had he refused to do so.